SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TERMS-\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XVII.-NUMBER 35.

TROY, KANSAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1874.

WHOLE NUMBER, 867.

Choice Loetry.

THE DUTY OF THE STATE.

- "Who bids for the little children— Body and seni and brain?
 Who bids for the little children— Young, and without a stain?
 Will no one bid for the children?
 Por their souls so pure and white,
 And fit for all good and evil,
 The world on their pages may write?"

- "We bid," said Pest and Famine,
 "We bid for life and limb;
 Fever and pais and squalor
 Their bright young eyes shall dim.
 When the children grow too many,
 We'll never these as our own,
 And hide them in secret places,
 Where none may hear their moan,"
- "I bid," said Beggary, howling;
 "I'll bay them, one and all;
 I'll teach them a thousand lessons—
 To lie, to akulk, to crawl.
 They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
 They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
 And if they serve my purpose,
 I hope they'll anawer thine."
- "And I'll bid higher and higher,"
 Said Crime, with a wolfish grin;
 "For I love to lead the children
 Through the pleasant paths of sin.
 They shall awarm in the streets to pilfer,
 They shall plague the broad highway,
 Till they graw too old for pity,
 And ripe for the law to slay.
- "Prison and hulk and gallows
 Are many in the land;
 Twere folly not to use them,
 So proudly as they stand.
 Give me the little children;
 I'll take them as they're born;
 And I'll feed their evil passions
 With misery and scern.
- Give me the little children "Give me the little children, Ye good, ye rich, ye whee, And let the busy world spin round, While ye shut your idle eyes: And your ludges shall bave work, And your lawyers wag the tongue And the jailors and policemen Shall be fathers to the young."
- "Oh, shame!" cried true Religion;
 "Oh, shame that this should be!
 I'll take the little children—
 I'll take them all to me.
 I'll raise them up with kindness,
 From the mire in which they we trod;
 I'll teach them words of blessing,
 I'll lead them up to God."

THE ETERNAL PENDULUM.

- Swing on, old pendulum of the world, Forever and forever, Keeping the time of suns and stars. The march that endeth never. Your monotone speaks joy and grief, And failure and endeavor: Swing on, old pendulum, to and fro, Forever and forever.

Long as you swing shall earth be glad, And men be partly good and bad; And each hour that passes by, A thousand souls be born and die— A thousand souls be born and die— Die from the earth, to live, we trust, Unshackled, quallied with dust. Long as you swing shall wrong come right, As sure as morning follows night; The day goes wrung—the ages never; Swing on, old pendulum—swing forever!

Select Story.

SNUFF: -OR,-

THE LAST PINCH.

BY CHARLES P. HASLEY.

The querist was a hearty old man, with whom time had dealt very leniently, confining his ravages to the silvering of the hair, leaving the ruddy cheeks without a furrow to betray his footsteps. We found ourself a companion with the
old gentleman some years since, in a stage-coach,
and rarely have we fallen in with a more agreeable one. He was very communicative; had an
inexhaustible fund of anecdote to draw upon;
was a keen observer of men and things, and had
experienced largely of the vicissitudes of life.
"Take a pinch, sir!" and he tapped the highly
burnished lid of his gold snuff-box with the peculiarly graceful tap of a veteran snuff-taker.
"Prime Maccaboy—a choice article!"
"I thank you, sir, I do not use snuff." ages to the silvering of the hair, leaving the rud-

"I thank you, sir, I do not use snuff."
"No? Well, some call it a bad habit, but must coufess that I have a strong love for it;" and to prove the assertion, the old gentleman took a bountiful pinch of the titillating dust. "I

"So I perceive?"
"You do not understand me, sir; my regard for it springs not merely from its ministering

I could not repress a smile at the enthusiastic tone in which he spoke of his favorite luxury.
"You will smile, sir, when I tell you that to
this much abused article I am indebted for my

this much abused article I am indebted for my life! Yes, sir, I should have been a dead man long ago, had it been for snuff—such a death." said he, in a mest emphatic manner.
"You have a good reason, then, for regarding it favorably. What was the nature of the complaint, sir!"
"Were again my dearlie. I never was sick

"Wrong again, my dear sir: I never was sick
n day in my life—do I look like an ailing man?
No, sir, though I owe my life to snuff"—here he
took a huge pinch—"I am not the least indebted
to its medical properties."
"That is singular."
"Not so singular as your me.

"That is singular."

"Not so singular as you may suppose. But you shall hear my story, and judge for yourself."

Sitting down cosily in our seats, (we were the only passengers, by the way,) the old gentleman fondling the riebly chased, though somewhat smoothly worn box, and fortifying himself with a capacious thumb and finger full of his Maccaboy, commenced his story:

"Some thirty years ago, I was travelling in the apper part of Vermout, near the Canada line. It was early in the Spring, and I was on horse-back. Just at dusk, one evening, I strived at a small cabin, in an out-of-the way place, where I concluded to stop sud get something to eat, if possible, for I was sharp set, having travelled a pretty good spell that day. Well, I dismounted at the door, and taking my saddle-bags on my arm, entered the house. The appearance of things was not very prepossessing, I assure you. However, I asked the man of the house, a dark-hrowed fellow with a sullen aspect, if he could furnish me with a supper. He very freely offered to give me what his house afforded, and ere long his wife, a considerable tidy looking woman, invited me to partake of her hospitality.

"After I had done ample justice to her really good fare, and paid my shot, which the man of the house at first refused. I made preparation to continue my journey. The man advised me to stay all night, stating that the road was very lonesome, and that a patch of woods through it, for eight or nine miles run, was infested with wolves. They were very ferocious, he told me, and but a short time ago had attacked a man,

fer eight or nine miles ran, was infested with wolves. They were very ferocious, he told me, and but a short time ago had attacked a man, who owed his escape only to the fleetness of his steed. I was perfectly welcome to remain if I chose, as he could accommodate me with a spare bed. He pressed me so strongly, and painted the dangers to which I should be exposed in my journey through the woods in such vivid colors, that I was more than half disposed to accept his offer.

were less than those which I had to fear from passing a night in that house. There had been a number of flying reports of travellers being made away in such solitary places, and this appeared to me the place of all others for such kind of work. So bidding good-bye to my entertainers, I put spurs to my horse, and awas soon out of sight.

"Well, sir, I jogged along at a middling brisk pace, the road being tolerably good, thinking more of the cabin that I had just left than the road before me. I may have wronged the inhabitants—I trust I did—in allowing myself to indulge in such unfavorable surmises in regard to them. They might have been the most worthy couple in the world, for anght I know; still I could not get the idea out of my head that they were no better than they should be—and as my memory called up the many instances of lonely travellers being nundered at these stopping places, imagination converted this man and woman into those heartless wretches who trade in blood, and I haddered at the thought of the fate that into those heartless wretches who trade in blood. and I shuddered at the thought of the fate that might have overtaken me, had I yielded to their importunate request to tarry with them that

night.
"Right glad was I to be well clear of them Wolves, tut, said I, they only tried to excite my apprehensions, to induce me to remain with them. That story might do well to frighten children with, but they should have hatched up something more plausible than that to gull a man like me."

"By this time I had got over the open road. and was entering the woods. The path was hemmed in on every side by tall trees, spruce, pine, and hemlock, with no undergrowth, leaving a narrow passage. However, a full moon threw its unbroken light along the path stretch-ed before me, save where an overhanging tree ed before me, save where an overhanging tree obstructed its rays. It was a still, calm night, as I have said, and no sound broke the silence, save the monotonous clatter of the hoofs of my horse, as he went along on an easy trot. I was settling down in a very comfortable frame of mind, indulging in those fanciful reveries natural to youth, and which the quiet and lonely scene around me was so calculated to inspire, when my attention was aroused by a faint, distant cry coming, as it see, and, from the denth

when my attention was aroused by a faint, distant cry, coming, as it see.oed, from the depth of the forest. I listened intently for a few minntes, and presently a prolonged howl, still faint in the distance, followed. The attention of my horse was evidently attracted by it, for he pricked up his ears, and gave a low snort.

"Finding, after listening awhile, that the cry was not repeated, I gave no heed to the circumstance, presuming it to be some raving wild creature in the woods. Presently, however, the cry was repeated, and an answering cry appeared in another direction, each of them apparently nearer than the one that attracted my attention first. My horse now began to show evident signs of uncasiness, pricking up his cars, and tossing his head from side to side, snorting occasionally, and quickening his pace. Again came tossing his head from side to side, snorting occasionally, and quickening his pace. Again came
that howl, still more distinct, and this time it
was repeated in different quarters, principally in
my rear. Turning in my saddle, I saw in the
road behind me what appeared to be a dark
speck. At first I concluded it was the shadow of
the branch of a tree; but presently I detected
two or three others, which seemed to spring directly from the woods. Could they be wolves!
Had the man then descrived me in regard to their rectly from the woods. Could they be wolves? Had the man then deceived me in regard to their attack on a traveller? A feeling of alarm began to creep over me, which was soon painfully increased, and all my doubts dissolved, by a flerce yell which rose in my rear, as if she whale pask had opened upon me.

As those unearthly yells swelled on the right air, and echoed through the forest, my poor beast shook in every limb, and a cold shudder ran through my frame: I mit sour to my horse.

through my frame; I put spur to my horse, which bounded onward at the utmost stretch of

"Casting a burried glance behind, the whole road seemed filled with the troop of demons, whose ferocious howls swelled louder and louder every moment. To my dismay, the distance be-tween us was considerably lessened. What

tween us was considerably lessened. What would I not have given at that moment, to have been safely back in the cabin again?

"Vainly did I deplore my folly in giving no heed to the warning I had received. As yell after yell pealed upon my ears, every moment drawing nearer and nearer, horror for a while overpowered me, and I did nothing but plunge the spurs in the panting sides of my horse, madly shouting to urge him forward. The poor animal, nearly knocked up by a long day's journey, dashed on at the top of his speed, flinging the froth from his mouth, while his neck and flanks were covered with foam; and even at the trewere covered with foam; and even at the tre-mendous rate he was going, at every fresh yell of the fiends, I could feel him tremble in every of the fiends, I could feel him tremble in every limb. Ah, sir, that was an agonizing moment to me! Collecting my senses, I calculated the distance before me, and the possibility of outriding my pursuers. There were some four miles before, and if my jaded horse could but hold outbut that I felt would be impossible. His violent panting and drooping head too plainly told that he was nearly exhausted.

"I could now hear the rush of the ferocion To could now hear the rush of the ferocouls troop behind me, and at times imagined I could feel their foul breath around me. What harrowing thoughts flashed through my brain! I recalled many instances I had read, of travellers similarly situated, and of the vain efforts they had made to overt their terrible fate. I tried to disengage my saddle bags, in the hope that they might for a moment check pursuit by diverting the attention of the wolves, but was unable to do so. I threw my cap in the road for the same purpose, but an angry growl almost at the heels of my horse, told that it had availed nothing.

"I now bethought myself of my pistols. Hastily cocking one, I turned and deliberately fired at a large black wolf which was within four fest of my. I know aver in the direction of

at a large black wolf which was within four feet of me. I kept my eyes in the direction, after the discharge. Thank God, the shot took effect, and the nearest animal dropped dead in the road. In a moment the whole pack was upon him—the entire path behind me was piled up with a stack of wolves, each one striving to gorge himself on the fallen wolf. A moment more, and they were in full pursuit, their appetites whetted with blood, and each one seemingly striving with more cagetores to outdo the other.

If had prepared my other pistol, and waited to be sure of my shot. With a calmness that I can now hardly account for, I selected the foremost pursuer, and gave him the contents of the second pistol. This time, unfortunately, I was not successful; I only wounded him, and I saw the aimal limping off into the woods, with three or four of the troop, but the remainder came in hot haste after me.

"I thought then my moments were numbered, for although we were nearly out of the woods, I could feel the poor beast reel and stagger under me, and every moment I was dreading his fall, in which case I knew my fate would be sealed. A cold, clanumy sweat came over me.

"In the hour of danger, with a dreadful death staring him in the face, man instinctively turns to his Maker for relief. Even he who denies the existence of a God, when brought to the fearful verge of life, involuntarily acknowledges his error—the last struggle brings a cry for mercy from his lips!

"I prayed, sir—not for rescue from devouring beasts—that I did not look for—but in the near prospects of death, I asked for forgiveness. With lightuing-like rapidity my thoughts sped through the past—every incident of my life crowded on my mind—the evil done and the good undone. Basy in these reflections, I forgot the perils which surrounded me, and was only called to a sense of my situation by a sharp growl at my side. Turning my head, I observed an unusually large wolf snapping at my legs, while others were leaping at the haunches of my horse.

"I well knew that wolves preferred the flesh

the lean, hungry pack, and giving utterance to a loud 'ha, ha, ha!' a wild laugh of derision. This was of but a moment's duration, however. At the end of that period, a sudden thought—a faint hope struck me. A grocer in the village to which I was bound, had commissioned me to purchase a couple of pounds of Scotch Snuff, (take a pinch, sir!) which I had done up in a paper bundle, it my saddle-bags. With tremb ling hand I took out the bundle, tore open the parcel, and grasping a handful of the subtile powder, I dashed it into the face of the ferocious animal at my side. Without stopping to witanimal at my side. Without stopping to wit-

ness its effect, I turned and threw a cloud of it, by a sort of scattering fire, into the gapping months and glaring eyes of those in my rear.

"Sir, the effect was beyond my hopes—it was devisive. You should have heard the anearthly howls that arose, as, blinded and maddened with pain, the pack rushed upon one another, snapping and biting each other in their rage! They were rolling over in their fury, a regular wolf fight, all too much engaged in the battle to heed me. Well, sir, I kept along a piece, and then drew up my horse, who could barely stand upright. He was completely blown, and seeing that all danger was over, I dismounted, and led the panting animal by the bridle, soothing him by the way, for the fearful howls of the infuriated wolves, made him shake in every limb. Hurrying along as fast as we were able, in the ted wolves, made him shake in every limb. Hurrying along as fast as we were able, in the course of half an hour, we reached a house in the outskirts, where I applied for admittance, which was readily granted me. First seeing my horse taken care of—the poor creature absolutely neighed with delight, as I led him into the stable—I detailed to the astonished residents, my hair-breadth escape. They had heard the how's, and had got their dogs ready for the attack, little dreaming that a human being was exposed to such imminent danger."

Miscellany.

TO MY OLD BOOT

My ancient pedal friend, a last farewell!
So many days we've footed it together—
The lane of life—in fair and stormy weather,
Mine eyes well nigh their lild-dykes overswell.
I remember when thou didst encase
My nether limbs with pressure warm and tight,
And many a corny twinge, from morn till night,
Evinced the ardency of thy embrace.

Soon, like the love of some long married wife Soon, like the love of some long marries with Thy grasp, if not so strong, was still as true, And pleasanter; and as as we grow in life, Thou wert as gentle as a pliant shoe; And while on thee I trampied every day, To shield me thou didst wear thy very sole away.

Though I despise the slander-monger's art,
And scorn the wretch who blackens the fair fame
Of one whose richest fortune is his name,
(The wretch whose steel goes deeper than the heart,)
Yet it has been my daily wont, I own,
To black thy face until thy skin has shone
With ebon glow as lustrous as the hue
That forms the charm of Guinea's native crew.

But 'twas not that I hated thee: indeed,
I prized thee so, that when thy sole broke thro',
And let in water, twas my special heed,
A man of awls thy gaping wounds should saw;
And twitching panga athwart my pocket aboot,
To part with thee at last, O, worn and faithful boot!

A HERO GONE.

Death of a Maryland Farmer who Whipped Company of Confederate Cavalry.

The Middletown (Md.) Register says: This gen-tleman, one of the oldest, most highly esteemed and intelligent farmers of this valley, died at his residence on Highland, in Catoctin district, at 10 o'clock on Wednesday night of last week, aged nearly eighty years. For about three years past Mr. Blessing has been severely afflicted with asthma, and it was this disease that caused his death. During the rebel invasion of 1864. Mr. Blessing acquired the title of the "Hero of Highland," on account of the bravery he dis-played in protecting his property. His fight with a squad of rebel soldiers on that occasion is thus told in a letter written by himself at that

"On the morning of that day a company of cavalry, commanded by Major Harmon and Captain Walker, came in sight of my farm, where they detailed five men to come out and steal my horses. As they rode up, I gave my son two guns and I took six, and went in the name of the Lord God of Hosts to meet them, and as they rode up in haste we fired upon them in quick time; one was mortally wounded, (he died at Middletown,) the others so bad that they rode ander the over shoot of the barn, where we had a cross fire on them. As they were retreating, I fired, killing one on the spot, and took the other prisoner. The balance got back to the company, which was from forty to sixty strong, and before I had reloaded my guns they returned, nimeteen in number, and had pressed in their service four of my neighbors as guides, and marched them in advance. I gave my son two guns and another young man one, but they both retreated. I then took four guns and went to a group of cherry trees; as their guides came up, be leaded them mader, the name of death if they guns and another young man one, but they both retreated. I then took four guns and went to a group of cherry trees; as their guides came up, I halted them under the pain of death if they did not stand. One of them broke off and ran. I fired on him, without effect. As soon as he reached the rebels, they opened fire on me to their hearts' content; splinters from the trees and fence flew in my face, while some of the balls fell at my feet. I had three guus, which I held back for sure work. After firing some fifty shots, they rode off, leaving their dead and wounded in my hands. They then sent me word they would bring up a battery and shell me. I sent word back that I had their wounded man in the barn; if they chose to burn him up they could do so. A little before night, Cole's cavalry, under command of Lientenant Colonel Vernon, came in sight. I thought it was the rebel battery, and I took the dead rebel's carbine and concealed myself in a bramble bush close to the lane, to make that the closing scene of that bloody day. When I saw my happy mistake I crawled out. They gave me a hearty cheer, rode up to the house, helped to bury my dead, and stayed over night. Thus closed the most tragic scene in the history of my life. I am seventy years of age. I do not wish to correct your error to boast, but I do it to encourage our soldiers and people to fight better and look to God for a just victory.

Curran Owene was one of the most remarkable

Curran Owens was one of the most remarkable men that this most remarkable section of the State has produced. It ha had been educated—and "if he had let liquor alone"—what might he not have achieved, since even in his crude, unpolished state he originated metaphors which went to completely astonnd all who ever heard them.

went to completely astonnd all who ever heard them.

"Well, Curran," said a friend, greeting Mr. Owens the first day after the news of South Carolina's secession reached him; "South Carolina has really seceeded! What do you think of it?"

"What do I think of it?" replied Mr. Owens, drawing himself up six feet high. "Why, I wish I were the Great Creator of the nuiverse for only one-half minute: I would mould old mother earth into one vast columbiad; I would load her with shovel plows, harrow teeth, flax-hackles, brass head snapping turtles, and all the jigings of hell, and would rain them on South Carolina for a thousand years!"—Harrodsburg (Ky.)

Cor. Courier-Journal.

THE sea serpent has been making numerous appearances off the coast of Scotland. He was first observed by two ladies near Dunrobin about the middle of September, and next morning Dr. Sontar, of Lochbeg, observed a "creature apparently forty to fifty feet long, and raising a neck about four feet above water." The following afternoon the Rev. J. A. Joass, of Golspie, an eminent archeologist, saw through a glass about half a mile out at sea a floating object, which, he states, "was certainly part of some sort of beast deal or basking." R drifted along with the tide, and after some time suddenly disapparent size of the portion seen, eight or ten feet." offer.

"Stepping out of the door, I found the moon had risen; her beams resting on a recent fall of snow, made it nearly as light as day, which served in a great measure to dispel the feeling of gloom which began to creep over me. The atmosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was mosphere was calm and bracing, and as I was on that of any other animal, and finding my horse, proceeded on my way.

"To tell the truth, I did not fancy the appearance of that couple. The man was highly inquisitive about my business—no more perhaps than Yankees generally are—and then there was a cast of his features, I did not like. Besides these, he seemed to eye my saddle-bags in a very suspicious manner, and I detected two or three glances of doubtful meaning exchanged between busing me if I could shake off the impression that the dangers to be apprehended from the wolves.

THE WANDERING SCOTCHMAN.

The True Origin and Meaning of the Living-

endence of the Daily Graphic.)

Dr. Livingstone is said to have discovered an African tribe which lives underground in a laby-rioth of tunnels, and never comes to the surface except on Sundays, Christmas and Decoration

except on Sundays, Christmas and Decoration Day.

And here I ought parenthetically to remark that I wholly disbelieve in the myth of Livingstone's existence. The evidance in support of it is too slight and unsubstantial to bear the slightest scrutiny.

It consists in the assertion that on several distinct occasions—five in allem little old man, dressed chiefly in a military cap, has suddenly appeared to one or two witnesses, and proclaiming himself to be Dr. Livingstone, has as suddenly vanished.

Ity vanished.

There are five pretended instances of the appearance of Livingstone, every one of which bears intrinsic evidence of its mythcal nature. In 1854 he is said to have appeared to an Eug-lishman at Saint Paul de Loando, remarking in a quiet way that be had just walked across from Cape Town, and thought be would stop to din-ner if there was a really first-class resturant in

ner if there was a really first-class resturant in the place.

In 1856 he again appeared to a Portuguese at the mouth of the Zambezi, remarking in a quiet way that he had just walked across from the Atlantic Ocean, and thought he would sit down and rest a few minutes.

In 1871 he appeared to a Herald correspondent in Ujiji, remarked in a quiet way that he had been walking for three or four years all over Central Africa, and would not mind taking a social quinine pill with his astonished beholder.

Mark the similarity of these stories. The same little old man, clad in a fasted military cap, and with the same hint of vast and mysterious wanwith the same hint of vast and mysterious wan-derings on his lips, appears and disappears with-out leaving any other evidence of his existence

than the susupported testimeny of the person to whom he has appeared.

If a West Coast Englishman—one of a class notoriously addicted to delirium tremens—should tell us that the Virgin had appeared to him and remarked that she had walked up from Cape Town, should we believe him?

Town, should we believe him?

And similarly, is the assertion of a casual Portuguese, addicted doubtless both to rum and superstrition, to be accepted as proof of the reality of one of his crazy visious?

The truth is, the miraculous appearances of the Virgin to various imaginative French girls are quite as credible, and supported by at least as plausible evidence, as are the appearances of the Livingstone spectre.

On two occasions Livingstone is reported to have had appeared to Sir Roderick Murchison in London, and to have remarked in a quiet way that he had just come from Africa, and must immediately return.

mediately return.

But Sir Roderick, who at the time of the sup-But Sir Roderick, who at the time of the sup-posed apparitions was old and feeble, was known to be almost a monomanic in matters re-ferring to Africa. No doubt he fully believed that he saw the little old man dressed in a faded military cap, but his testimony is by no means conclusive. Moreover, he is dead now, and we cannot fell to what extent his original statement of his vision of Littingstone has been alchorated of his vision of Livingstone has been elaborated and transformed by the imagination of those who have since written concerning it. As for the existence of books said to have been

ritten by Livingstone, they prove nothing. Homer," but German critics have proved that

"Homer" never existed.

It is worth knowing that chroniclers of the Livingstone myth all agree is making him a Scotchman. This suggests his relationship to the mythical Fingal, and the other shadowy heroes of Ossian. The myth, however, is much older than the Scottish race.

Observe the purposeless character of the wanderings ascribed to Livingstans. He had no have

Observe the purposeless character of the wanderings ascribed to Livingstane. He had no business at Loando, or the Zambezi, or Ujiji. He was merely engaged in a prolonged and ceaseless journey. A real Livingstone would have remained in London after reaching it, instead of hastening to plunge back into the African jungle. In its popular shape the Livingstone myth is without any sufficient reason for being.

But this very want of intelligent purpose in the wanderings of Livingstone suggests the origin of the myth. It is identical in substance with the ancient Aryan myth of the Wandering Immertal, which in its Western form of the "Wandering Jew" is familiar to us ali.

Look at the surprising resemblance between the recorded apparitions of Livingstone and those of the Wandering Jew.

In the middle of the sixteenth century a little old man, clad in gray, appeared to a priest at Avignon, and remarked that he had walked from Cathay. He ate an olive or two, and then disappeared.

In 1632 the same little old man in gray appear.

poared.

In 1632 the same little old man in gray appeared to a jeweller in Frankfort-on-the-Main, and remarked that he had walked from India and was on his way to Iceland.

In 1712 he again appeared, dressed as before, to a Spanish captain of infantry at Madrid, saying he had walked from Scotland and was going to Constanting.

ing he had walked from Scotland Jew. Change to Constantinople.

This man was the Wandering Jew. Change his name and substitute a faded military cap for the gray dress, and you have the Livingstone spectre. When last seen the Wandering Jew said that he had walked from Scotland. Does not this explain the alleged Scottish origin of historytena.

not this explain the alleged Scottish origin of Livingstone?

It is extraordinary that in a skeptical and scientific age this story of a little old man, clad in a military cap, who appears for five minutes at a time to five different people, and, after always making essentially the same remark, immediately vanishes, should ever have obtained the slightest credence. It is certainly time that Strauss or Renan should show the true nature of the Livingstone myth, and show upon what an utterly unsubstantial basis it rests. Half the pains which they have taken to demonstrate the mythical character of the Gospels would utterly explode this preposterous story of the wandering man in a military cap.

But as I said at the beginning, this discussion of the Livingstone myth is parenthetical. I shall have, however, to postpone for the present the real topic thou which I had intended to write.

The Kind of Barus Pennsylvania Dutchmen Delight In.

In Chester and Lancaster counties is, I think, the most finished farming in the Union. The farms, composed of brick-dust sort of soil, are cultivated from fence to fence, every rood, as the farms of Flemings and of Brittany are cultivated from hedge to hedge. Cattle stand with their four feet in two feet of clover. Every field is a park; every barn is a cew palace; every pigpen is a percine paradise. Pennsylvania is preeminently the State of barns. Think of a three-story stone barn, with a swell front and dormer windows in the roof, and a luxurious portice where the Sybaritic calves chew the end of sweet contentiment on summer evenings! And then behold the little cabin in the rear, where the agricultural Dutchman lives with his "frow," and where the children lie on the floor and envy the happy calves in the lattice portice. Every barn is three times as large as the house, which serves as sort of appendage, and, as it were, plays second fiddle to it. The barn is sheadquarters, and the house a sort of a sentry-box. where the man resides who takes care of it. The barn is slated, painted, corniced, cisterned, lightning rodded, and the pig-sty is glazed, the chicken-coops are painted, and the worm-fences are whitewashed as far as you can see. I have no doubt the original dwellers here whitewashed the ground for acres around the domicile twice or thrice a year, till they learned its fatality.

A Brunswick man has invented a paste that will carry bills around and post them up, without throwing any in the river, or shoving them under houses. It is a good thing, but is likely to diminish the demand for boys.

Last words of a kind-bearted oid bachelor in Springfield, Mass.: "Who will let the boys into the circus, now I am gone!" "I am not a habitual drunkard," said a Detroit man in the Police Court, the other day: "I'm a habitual teamster."

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL

- BY DAVID L. BOATH.
- A hardy, sunburnt man is he,
 A hardy, sunburnt man;
 No starder man you'll ever see,
 Though all the world you scan.
 In Summer's heat, in Winter's culd,
 He wearles not with toll—
 Oh, far above the knights of old,
 Is the Tiller of the Soil.
- No weights bars secure his door, No ditch is dug around: His walls no cannon bristle o'er, No dead lie on his ground. A peaceful laborer is be, Unknown in earth's turnoil— Unknown in earth's turnoil—
- Is the Tiller of the Soil.
- His wincks are seen on every side,
 His barns are filled with grain;
 Though others hall not fortune's tide,
 He labors not in vain.
 The land gives up its rich increase.
 The aweet reward of toll;
 And blessed with happiness and peace,
 Is the Tiller of the Soil.
- He trudges out at break of day,
 And takes his way along:
 And as he turns the yielding clay,
 He sings a joyful seng.
 He is no dull unhappy wight,
 Bound in misfortune's coll;
 The amile is bright, the heart is light,
 Of the Tiller of the soil.
- And when the orb of day has crown'd With gold the western sky, Before his dwelling he is found, With cheerful faces by— With little laughing daplicates, Carceses will not spoil; Oh! joy at every side awaits The Tiller of the Soil.
- A hardy, sunburnt man is be,
- A hardy, sundurat man is no.
 A hardy, sundurat man;
 But who can beast a hand so free,
 As he, the Tiller, can!
 Nor Summer's heat, nor Winter's cold,
 The pow'r has him to foll—
 Oh, far shove the knights of old,
 Is the Tiller of the Soil. AFTER THE PANIC.

Eli Perkins Out West.-His Statistics of Corn

dence of New York Graphic. I write from away "out west"—from Quincy, on the Mississippi river, the boundary line between Illinois and Missouri. I write a serious letter on crops, pork, and the financial prosperity of the west.

of the west.

Yes, prosperity has come back again. Corn and hogs have doubled in value in minety days. Farmers who were growling when I was here in November, are now "flush" with money and buoyant with hope. It is the same all over the west—from St. Paul to St. Louis, and from Kansas City to Buffalo.

What has made the change from unnic to pros-

What has made the change from panic to pros-

Well, it was an overcrop of corn that bro Well, it was an overcrop of corn that brought that great staple down to a price last year that came near ruining the farmers. Last year they were burning corn here around Quincy and down around Bloomington and El Paso. You could not give corn away at Kansas City, and Osage county, Kansas, the garden spot of the world, was a great poor-house. Corn in Kansas City, even in the middle of September, was only 10 cents per bushel. They burned it in locomotives on the Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. Now cern is worth 40 cents in Kansas City. They are tives on the Topeka and Santa Fe railroad. Now cern is worth 40 cents in Kausas City. They are shipping it east, and the farmers feel rich again. It September. Mr. A. B. Smith, who owns 15,000 acres of land, drew corn to Osage City, and solutifor 10 cents in trade. Now he is selling it for 40 cents in cash. So Mr. Smith is four times as rich as he was in September. So with every farmer in Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, and Iowa. This same corn is worth 62 cents in St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, and Cincinnati, 67 in Toledo, 72 in Buffalo, 80 in Oswego, 90 in New York, and 85 in Philadelphia.

This quadrupling of the price of corn and pork Philadelphia.

THE FOAL OF A MULE.—A correspondent of the London Field says there is now in the Jardin d'Acclimation at Paris, a Morocco mule and her female foal sired by an Arab stallion, and that the mule is again in foal to the same stallion. It has been claimed at various times that in very rare instances female mules have produced young.

GRANGE SECRETS REVEALED. How Initiations are Conducted.

The Randolph Exterprise, published down in Ohio, give the following account of the grangers initiatory ceremony:

Ohio, give the following account of the grangers initiatory ceremony:

On being brought into the ante-room of the lodge, (Greengrocer Temple, No. 191.) I was told that I had been balloted for and accepted. My informant, who was securely marked, by what I afterwards learned was a large burdook leaf, perforated with holes for the eyes, told me if I valued my life it would be necessary for me to strip. As I did consider that of considerable importance to me, and as he Italicized his wishes by carelessly playing with a seven-shoeter, I withdrew from my garments, with Eggernesse My masked friend then intruduced me with the regalla of the first degree—called "The Festive Plonghboy"—which consisted merely of one large cabbage leaf attached to a waist-band of potato vines. In this airy ensum, I was conducted to the door, where my companion gave three distinct raps. (I was securely blindfolded by binding a slice of rutabaga over each eye.) A sepulchral voice from within asked: "Who comes to

comes ?"

My guide answered: "A youthful agricultu-

rist who desires to become a granger."

Sepulchral Voice—Have you looked him carefully over? Guide-I have, noble gate-keeper.

8. V.-Do you find any agricultural marks

about his person? Gnide—I do. S. V.—What are they? Guide—The candidate has carroty hair, reddish whiskers, and a turnup nose.

S. V.—Tis well. Why do you desire to become

S. V.—Tis well. Why do you desire to become a granger?
Guide—(answering for candidate)—That I may be thereby the better enabled to harrow up the feelings of the rascally politicians.
S. V.—You will bring in the candidate. My worthy stripling, as you cannot see, I will cause you to feel that you are received at the door on the three points of a pitch fork, pierring the region of the stomach, which is to teach you the three great virtues—faith, hope and charity. Faith in yourself, hope for cheaper farm machinery, and charity for the lightning-rod peddler. You will now be harnessed, and in representation of the horse Pegasus, will be tested as to endurance and wind.

endurance and wind. The candidate is here attached to a small imi-The candidate is here attached to a small initiation plow, by means of a hempen harness. A dried punkin-vine is put in his month for a bit and bridle—he is made to get down upon all fours, the guide seizes the bridle, and urged on by a granger armed with a Caunda thistle, which he vigorously applies at the terminus of the spine, the candidate is gallopped three times around the room. While making the circuit the members rise and sing:

Get up and dust you bally boy—

Get up and dust, you bully boy— Who wouldn't be a granger! If the thistle's prick don't cause you joy, To feeling you must be estranged, ah! After this violent exercise he is rubbed dry

with corn-cebs, becswared with thistles, and brought standing up before the great chief—the most worshipful pumpkin head.

M. W. P. H.—Why do you desire to be a gran-Candidate—(auswering for himself)—That I nay learn to extinguish sewing machine

M. W. P. H.—Have your hands been hardened with toil? with toil?

Candidate—Not extensively, but then I am not running for office.

M. W. P. H.—Tis well, for our lodges contain at. W. F. H.— Is well, for our suggested and several who are supposed to be ready to sacrifice themselves for the good of their constituents.

Do you feel pretty smart this evening?

Candidate—Yes, where the bustle goes on.

M. W. P. H.—(savagely)—Give me a chaw of tobacker! Candidate, searching himself thoroughly, but as there is no place about him to stick a pocket, tries to explain, but the most worshipful pump-

Sementer in worth R creats in risk Londs, Chiengy,
Milwancke, and Circles and Str. 19-16-19. The Milwancke and Circles and Str. 19-16-19. The street is the street of the participating of the gravitor of even and posts which extends from Chiengs to Caire, and from the worth of specimen. This has driven a work they were in Specimen. This has driven a work they were in Specimen. This has driven a work they were in Specimen. This has driven a work they were in Specimen. This has driven a work they were in Specimen to the street of the work of the participation and makes many plotty and they were in Specimen. It is also all their problems of the participation of the participati

an appearance differing from two opposing boot beel taps, then I shall gladly mount the rostrum and codeavor in my humble and nupretending way to make it bot for the masses."

The Foal of a Mule.—A correspondent of the London Field says there is now in the Jardin d'Acclimation at Paris, a Morocco mule and her female foai sired by an Arab stallion, and that the mule is again in foal to the asme stallion. It has been claimed at various times that in very rare instances female mules have produced young.

The Boston Fost says Chang's last words were, "Just a siam."

B. Pole.

Notice—This ceremony of initiation is used during the absence of the lady members. Their initiatory ceremonies are entirely different, being simplified, as they should be.

DANBURY News: "All little boys are not indifferent to the needs of their little sisters. There is an ingenious lad on Pine Street, who anowiballs obsee pedestrians with a view to making them dodgs. The strain they are thus subjected to breaks off more or less of their buttons, which he industriously gathers after the victim's department, and gives to his aister to put on a string."

GRANDMOTHER'S CHAIR.

DT DARBARA AUFRICHT

Grandmother sits in her easy chair.
Softly humming some old-time sir;
And as she sings, her needles keep pace.
With the suitos that filt over her winkled face.
While the firelight file-keers and fades away,
And comes again, like the breaking day.

From morning till evening she kults and sings, While ever the pendulum tireless swings. The moments around, with its tick and stroke. Nor hastes for the festal, nor lags for the yobe; And Grandmother never ripines at her fals of being the last at the "Crystal Gate".

Husband, and daughters, and sons all there. Wearing the "crown" and the "garments fair Singing the songs that will never time. And swelling the chorus of "Haaren's choir" flat patternty, supporting that a fairer clime.

'Tis good upon childhood's face to see The trustful look, from all doubting free; But better by far, when the sands of life Are nearly run out, and the world's vain strife Is hushed to an echo, again to see The trustful expression of infancy.

Grandmother's chair will be vacant soon. For the rays of her life slant far past mean; But youder in Heaven she'll sling again, Joining the evernore glad refrain, Wearing the "crown" and the "garments fair." While we mournfully stand by her vacant chair

THE NEW SECRET ORDER. Something About the Sovereigns of Industry.

To the Editor of the Daily Scaphic.

To the Editor of the Daily Sraphic.]

It will interest many of your readers who have looked with longing hearts tewards the great order of the Patrons of Husbandry, but could not hope to enter it because they were not technically "interested in agricultural pursuita," to learn that there is a grand sisters organization, under the protection of the Patrons, coming to under their aid. This is the order of Sovereigns of Industry. That it is protected, and that the leaders of the movement are some of the first among the Grangers, is of itself sufficient guarantee that it is conceived in good faith, and will be conducted with an ability that will insure its rapid growth among all industrial classes. Its secretary is not some invisible creature, hiding in the obscurity of a "P. O. box," but the able and well-known Mr. J. C. Abbot, general deputy of the National Grange, who is to take up his permanent residence at Worcestor, where the first National Council is already in working order. Mr. William H. Earle, a well known flatist and a citizen of high standing, is the master. Another council has already been organized at Albany, New York. New York City will be the next centre of operation. The Springfield Republicus, in an editorial on the "Sovereigns of Industry," says:

Like the grange, this New England product disclaim human nature; and we doubt not that organized human nature; and we doubt not that organized human nature will have opinions on political issues, and express them too. The farmers' grange even in New England displays a good deal of vitality this winter. It becomes a very agreeable social institution in the rural "gay season," and the grange in the valley and up in Berkshire think it nice to get their flour straight from the lows granges at \$3 less than the price here. We wonder if the grange housewife finds any drawback in the color of the blecuit male from it.

The objects of the new order are identical with It will interest many of your readers who have

wife finds any drawbark in the color of the bus-cuit made from it.

The objects of the new order are identical with those of the Patrons, only it embraces the bene-fits of a large class of the community. Of course it is not expected that the "middleman" can be entirely abolished. The granges themselves must have their areas at the shipping and reentirety abolished. The granges memserves must have their agents at the shipping and receiving points, but, as the Republican says in the same editorial, "there is manifestly ne use of having a middleman at the Iowa freight depot, another at Chicago, another at Albany, and a wholesaler and retailer at Springfield."

But to those who are inside these orders there is a dearer and grander satisfaction than that

The women are getting bolder and bolder. They have feunded a church in Chicago, and insist on having an equal representation in the sist on having an equal representation in the godhead. They have established a quandrinity, so to speak, composed of "God, the father; Lord, so to speak, composed of "God, the father; Lord, the mother; Christ, the son, and Soul, the daughter."